

Arlington Advocate.

C. S. PARKER & SON, Editors and Proprietors.

Devoted to the Local Interests of the Town.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR. Single copies 5 cents.

Vol. xxiii.

ARLINGTON, MASS., FRIDAY, AUGUST 3, 1894.

No. 31.

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ARLINGTON

ABOUT TOWN MATTERS.

Notices of concerts, lectures, entertainments, etc., to which an admission fee is charged, must be paid for as advertisements, by the line.

=You can always get your coal of Peirce & Winn Co. at as low prices as any where. Give them a call before purchasing elsewhere. Pea coal delivered, \$3.50 per ton.

=Mrs. Calvin Andrews is summering at Ashland, N. H.

=Miss Anna Cousens is spending several weeks at Berwick, Me.

=Miss Mabel E. Kimball is summering at Cherry Hill Farm, Grafton, N. H.

=Regular meeting of Post 36 next Thursday evening.

=An account of the "Historical Pilgrimage" will be found on the 4th page.

=Wm. H. H. Tuttle, Esq., is just back from a pleasant vacation trip.

=Miss Grace Gage has gone to Hopkinton, N. H., for a vacation season.

=Mr. R. A. Ware makes up a party of campers at Camp Ossipee, Wolfboro, N. H.

=The Unitarian church closed on Sunday last for the month of August to re-open on Sunday, Sept. 2d.

=Mr. I. Freeman Hall and family are guests at "The Randall," Morrisville, Vermont.

=Mrs. Homer and Mrs. Fred L. Dime are guests at the Washington House, Princeton, Me.

=Mr. H. A. Seaver and wife will spend the next three weeks at Ludlow, Vt.

=Mr. Theodore Allen and wife will enjoy the vacation season at Lake Sunapee, N. H.

=Miss Hattie M. Taylor has accepted a position as teacher in the ninth grade grammar school at Westboro, Mass.

=Mr. and Mrs. Frank Y. Wellington will spend two weeks of August at the "Grand View," Annisquam, Mass.

=Dr. Emma W. Mooers returns to her practice the first of next week, after a short tour abroad.

=Judge Hardy returned on Tuesday from his vacation outing at Popham Beach, brown as a berry and well rested to resume his duties.

=Mrs. M. H. Teske, and her daughter Miss M. Helen, a teacher in Arlington High school, will spend the month of August at Orrs Island, Me.

=A quartette choir, under the direction of Mr. Prescott, will furnish music at the Pleasant street Congregational church during the month of August.

=Messrs. Henry and Sylvester C. Frost with members of their family are taking a vacation at Canoma, at the extremity of Cape Ann.

=Mr. Myron Taylor and family, of Maple street, left town Saturday last for a vacation to be spent in a country home at New Ipswich, N. H.

=Miss Emma G. Barker and Miss Lucy Hunting are passing their vacation at Sunapee Harbor, N. H., one of the most picturesque spots in the Granite State.

=Prof. and Mrs. Peter Schwamb have been spending a part of the vacation season at the Pentagoet House, Castine, Me.

=Lewis E. Stickney and Fred Derby made up a party of campers on the shores of the Concord river, in Carlyle, this week.

=Mrs. C. G. Devereaux, with her daughters, the Misses Lulu, Florence and Blanche, are guests at Hotel Pilgrim, Plymouth, Mass.

=Mr. and Mrs. Adam have gone to Addison, N. Y., for a six week's vacation and their daughter Mabel L. has gone to Peperhill, Mass., to remain until September 1.

=Mrs. Chas. H. Swan and Marguerite Swan left town on Monday for a visit among friends at Troy, N. H., during Mr. Swan's absence on his western business trip.

=Rev. Sam'l C. Bushnell will preach in the church at his boyhood home, next Sunday at Madison, Conn. He will enjoy the larger part of his vacation among the Adirondacks.

=Miss Nellie S. Hardy has been spending several weeks among the varied attractions of Greenwich, Conn., where there are said to be some four thousand summer guests the present season.

=Master Herbert Winn and Mr. Arthur H. Richardson have been breaking the record as fishermen about the waters of Buzzard's Bay. They caught forty-two blue-fish in a three days' catch.

=Mr. Walter Russell received prizes for his exhibit of sweet peas and also some vegetables shown at the hall in Horticultural Hall, last Saturday. Warren Heaslip was also awarded gratuities for a fine show of vegetables.

= "Plain living and high thinking" will be the subject of the Y. P. S. C. E. meeting held in the vestry of the Pleasant street church, next Sunday evening, at 8.30 o'clock. Miss Ida G. Law will lead the meeting.

=Rev. Frederic M. Gill, pastor of the Unitarian church, has gone to Meadville, Pa., where he will remain till Aug. 11th, after which time the remainder of the month will be spent at his boyhood home at Kingston, Ontario, Canada.

=Rev. Dr. Trombly, formerly of the Washington church, Charlestown, will be the guest supply at the Congregational church on Sunday. Services at 10.30 o'clock, with attractive musical programs.

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=Litchfield's studio will be open until to-morrow noon, at which time he starts with his family for a month's outing at Wells, N. H.

=Miles St. Clair, of Cambridge, will appear in court to-day on a charge of stealing and injuring poultry on Mr. Butterfield's place on Lake street, last Sunday. Officer Hooley had but a slight clue to work on, but he succeeded in unearthing his victim.

=Next Wednesday, on Holmes' Field in Cambridge, the Arlington police officers will play a base ball game with a nine composed of officers picked from the Cambridge force. Game will be called at two o'clock, and no end of fun may be looked for.

=A party of Arlingtonians have hired a cottage on the shore of Lake Sunapee, N. H., and will pass their vacation there. The party consists of Mrs. Weatherbee, Mr. and Mrs. J. Fred McLeod, Mrs. Joseph Eaton and son, Mrs. Chas. Puffer, Mrs. Wm. Sweatt and Miss Effie McLeod.

=During one of our recent severe thunder showers lightning struck and demolished a chimney on the dwelling house of Mr. Frederic A. Johnson, on Walnut street, cutting it off as with a knife close to the roof. The plastering in the house was somewhat injured but the damage was not great and no one was hurt.

=The case of Harry M. Bunce was called in the Cambridge Municipal Court, last Saturday morning, and after hearing all that was to be offered in the young man's favor Judge Almy sentenced him to the Reformatory at Concord. The lawyer employed by the defence appealed the case in behalf of his client, and he is held in bonds for appearance at the October term of the Superior Court at Lowell.

=Last Saturday afternoon, during the progress of the ball game on Lawrence's field, a two-horse team loaded with pigs was stopped opposite the field. The odor from the team was so offensive that people standing near requested officer Hooley to order the team to move on. He did so, but the driver not only refused to move but couched his refusal in the foulest and most vulgar language, yet when Mr. Hooley started after him he applied the whip to the horses and drove off. On the seat with the driver was a man past middle life, and when the team started he was thrown violently to the ground and sustained serious injuries, so much so that fears are entertained of his recovery. Officer Hooley had the injured man attended to by a physician and then conveyed him to his home in Malden. He then began making enquiries as to the identity of the man driving the team, and at length discovered him to be Levi Elms, employed by his brother as a driver for the pig wagon. In court at Cambridge to-day he will be brought to trial on charges preferred against him by the officer.

=A more than Sunday quiet prevailed on Arlington's thoroughfares, yesterday, as the pleasure driving which is so generally indulged in on pleasant Sunday

was absent, of course, and all the places of business were closed, it being the day chosen for the annual "Traders' Day." Down on Medford street, in the forenoon, there was plenty of noise and fun, however, as the usual ball game between the up town and down town clerks was played there, the Boat Club loaning the ground, bases, etc., for the occasion. T. J. Robinson and Phil Hendricks were the battery for the downtowners and Corbett and Carr served the uptowners in the same stations. For the first six innings the game was pretty much one way, the score at the end of the sixth standing 18 to 4 in favor of the downtowners; but after that the boys seemed to catch on to Robinson's pitching and pounded out ten runs, several of them well earned, and the game ended with the score 18 to 14 in favor of the down town team. The grand stand was well filled with spectators who were liberal in their applause of good plays on both sides.

=The Unions played the Lincolns of South Boston on the Russell park, last Saturday, winning by a very close margin, 12 to 11. The game was a very good one up to the 8th, when the Unions went to pieces and allowed the visitors to score 8 runs, making the score 11 to 9 in favor of South Boston. The Unions had one of the worst cases of "rattle" that any one would want to see, all of the visitors' runs in this inning being made by errors. In the next inning the Unions pulled themselves together and made the necessary runs to win. O'Neill deserves much credit for the plucky way he pitched. Quinn was slightly injured, owing to a collision with Burns, both trying for the same ball. The visitors played a good game right through and fought a good uphill fight. The Unions play the Mattapan team on the park. The score:—

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Unions	0	0	4	0	2	0	0	0	0
Lincolns	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Errors: Union 7, Lincoln 3. Two-base hits, Sullivan, J. Puroell. Three-base hits, O'Neill. Stolen bases Burns 5, Slattery 5, Tobin 1, E. Puroell, Dalrymple. First base on balls, J. Murphy, Hendrick, J. Dale, O'Neill, Hoyt, Tobin. First base on errors, Union 6, Lincoln 5. Struck out, O'Neill 3, Kane 4, D. Puroell 3, Dalrymple, Quinn 3, J. Dale, Sullivan. Passed balls, Puroell 1, Slattery 3. Hit by pitched ball, Kane. Time 2h, 10 m. Umpires, Goodson and Irwin.

=Under the heading of "Unfair Treatment," the Winchester Star, in its issue of July 28, has the following remarks on the Senatorial question in this district:—

"It cannot be said that there is a great deal of fairness in distributing Senatorial honors throughout this district. Arlington and Winchester, the two lesser lights in voters, but not in ability, do not make a very powerful impression on the cities of Somerville and Medford so far as naming the Senatorial candidates is concerned. And these two cities ask: what are you going to do about it? Apparently nothing. Consequently there is no other alternative but for the delegates of both Arlington and Winchester to attend the convention, kick up a fuss, vote for their candidate and come away happy in a greater state than they were when they entered the tent."

year. For over twenty years Arlington has not furnished a candidate for the Senate and probably will not for the same number of years to come, unless there should be a disagreement between the two hogish cities. Winchester has been more fortunate, as it is within the memory of many when the town was represented in the Senate by one of its citizens. Turn about is fair play, is an old saying, but judging from the great number of aspirants in Somerville alone, it will be many years before this town or Arlington will be permitted to name the candidate for the upper branch of the Legislature, although the latter is pressing forward the names of ex-Representative Tuttle and Representative Bailey, and this leads the Somerville Citizen to say, "It hardly seems probable that lightning will strike in that town this fall, as Somerville would be foolish to wage so hot a contest as to send the contest from this city."

=The community was shocked yesterday to hear that Augustus Nichols, proprietor of the Arlington Newspaper Agency in Swan's Block, had died the night previous at York Beach, Me., where he and his family were taking their customary summer vacation. At the time of his going away, a little over two weeks ago, Mr. Nichols was far from well, having caught cold, which brought other complications, but he did not consider himself seriously ill, and a week ago he was in Arlington for a short time to attend to some business items requiring personal attention. For more than a quarter of a century Mr. Nichols has been identified with Arlington business interests, having been a member of the firm of M. A. Richardson & Co., and succeeding to that business on the death of Mr. Richardson a few years ago. Through all these years he has devoted himself exclusively to the business of the store, engaging in few of the social associations in which most business men take an interest, and the Sunday paper trade robbed him of the rest most men take. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity, but rarely attended meetings, the store taking all his time. Mr. Nichols leaves a wife and one son.

=A prompt and brave act saved a child from drowning in Spy Pond, Wednesday afternoon. George Frazier, a driver on one of the local ice carts, was loading his team at the ice houses bordering this side of the pond, when his attention was caught by a child's head on the surface of the water. He at once took in the situation and jumped into the water and swam out to reach the child just as she had gone under for the third time, and brought her safely to shore. The little one was completely exhausted, but Frazier was able to bring her to consciousness. On enquiry it was ascertained that the child was the seven year old daughter of one O'Brien, who works on the William H. Allen farm, and that she had been playing with two small boys on a raft near the shore, but as it drifted out some distance the boys jumped off and left her. This frightened her and she jumped into the pond and would have been drowned if she had not been seen in time by Frazier, for the boys were so frightened that they were speechless and gave no alarm.

=Early last Tuesday word came to the police station that a man had been found in a shallow grave in the Catholic Cemetery, insensible from the effects of the poison he had taken, but was still alive. The body was brought to the station house and after working over him some time Dr. Hooker brought the man to consciousness and he was then walked around the room into a full recovery of his senses by officer Hooley. On his being brought to the station, chief of police Harriman immediately recognized him as Edward Walker, of

Continued on 8th page.

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EAST LEXINGTON LOCALS.

—Mr. William Locke is at Rochester, N. H.

—Mr. and Mrs. Cooke are at Whit-tier's Hotel, Hampton Beach, N. H.

—Miss Gertrude Pierce has returned after a pleasant outing at Cambridge, Mass.

—Mr. Ernest and Miss Fannie Kauff-mann have returned from a delightful so-journ at Portland, Me.

—Miss Emma and Miss Carrie Fiske and Miss Nellie Underwood are enjoying a pleasant outing at Royalton, Vermont.

—The engagement has been announced of Miss Eva F. Whittemore, of East Lex-ington, to Mr. Robert C. Harlow, of Cambridge.

—Miss Dora Wentworth has filled the position of librarian at the Stone Building very acceptably during the absence of Miss Holbrook, who has been spending her vacation at Ipswich.

—Some of the E. L. members of the Historical Society enjoyed the visit of University Extension students to Lexing-ington and aided in making their visit pleasant.

—The many friends of Mr. John H. Wright, foreman of the Adams Engine Co. and director of the E. L. Brass Band, regret his present illness, caused by a strain in assisting in pulling the chemical engine to the late brush fire on Maple street.

—Little Lillian Percival, who has been boarding with Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Pierce a few years, has now returned with her father and mother to England, their old home. She is greatly missed in the home where she has been so kindly cared for.

—Friday night, July 27, a horse and harness belonging to Mr. Cornelius Wel-lington, of East Lexington, were stolen from his stable, corner Concord avenue and Pleasant street, and presuma-ly at the same time a Democrat wagon was stolen from Mr. E. A. Brown, of Waverly. We hear there is as yet no clue to the thief. It was a large bay horse and much valued by the family for his faithful services.

—At the commencement of the present century, of revolutionary stock, was born Pamela Brown, who was ninety-four years of age last Sunday, July 29th. She was married to Mr. James Fiske in 1828. Her birthday was quietly celebrated last Saturday, at the home of her grandson, Mr. Edward Fessenden, of Arlington. Grandchildren and great-grandchildren and other relatives and friends either called upon this worthy lady or sent to-kens of love. Beautiful flowers shed their perfume in her room and loving words greeted her ears. Mrs. Fiske's pure and useful life has surrounded her in the sunset of her days with many warm friends. The marked feature of the birth-day dinner was not omitted this year and the ninety-fourth huckleberry pudding graced the table. Some of her grand-children reside in our village and were present at the anniversary. She has a brother and sister living here.

—We know all our readers will be pleased to read the following letter written by the band of campers from our vil-lage for the E. L. local column in the MINUTE-MAN:—

CAMP LOOKOUT, Groton, N. H.

To the tired and dusty company that composed the party, known as "Camp Lookout," no more welcome sound could have come to their ears than the call West Runney, and we arrive at the little N. H. station to find ourselves greeted by Mr. Hall, the guide of the party. After a short parley with the hackman we are off for Groton, some four miles distant. It falls to the lot of Mrs. Butterfield and Miss Maria Butterfield to ride with Mr. Hall, Mrs. Locke, Miss Eva Whittemore and the children with the hostess's daughter, while Mr. Locke and Mr. Harlow were under Uncle Sam's protection, being transported by no less a person than "Peter" the U. S. mail carrier. After an hour's ride over hill and dale, we came to a neat little cottage, banked by a well-kept flower garden, a delight to the ladies, and we are welcomed by Mrs. Blodgett, the hostess. After an appetizing supper the ladies sallied forth to view the country from a neighboring hill while the gentlemen proceeded to pitch their tent which is to be their shelter at night during their sojourn. Groton is in the southern part of Grafton County, 13 miles west of Ply-mouth, on one of the side hills of the Fran-conia range. North of our little camp rises the lofty Moosilauke, towering above the neighboring Mt. Carr. Far south is Mt. Cardigan and to the east "Rattlesnake," while to the west is Smart's Mountain. Flowing through the picturesque valley and winding among the hills and lowlands is Baker's river (a branch of the Pemigewasset) and the receiving basin for many brooks which find their sources among the tall spruces of the neighboring hills. Picture to yourself the absurdity of an American youth at-tired in ordinary citizen's clothes, a fish pole over his shoulder, a slight mist which later changed to a drenching rain and you have an idea how "Harlow" (or "Hornblower" as the compositor designa-ted him two weeks since) appeared as he started for the fishing grounds in search of trout. After wading in water up to our knees about fifty trout had been enticed from hiding places we found it was three o'clock and we were wet through to our skin, hungry to the point of starvation and four miles from camp. As we trudged along homeward, very much resembling Swift's division of Coxey's army, to the tune of High School Cadets and accom-

panied by the "swish swash" of the water in Harlow's boots, we were highly satis-fied with the day's sport notwithstanding the prospect of a feminine tirade on the drenching we received. But the fruit of our labor was highly appreciated. A trip to one of the mica mines in which the country abounds proved very interesting. We rode in carriages as near as the coun-try would allow and then walked through the woods to the mine. As we ap-proached we heard the blows of the ham-mers as they fell on the heavy drills, while a nearer approach revealed a large opening into the hill side, called a "rift." The boss kindly offered to show us into the rift as the men for a time had finished work and were operating in other parts of the ledge. We entered the tunnel about one hundred feet, the boss explain-ing how the mining is done and pointing out numerous specimens. Our guide picked up at the further end of the tunnel a cylindrical object about six inches long that proved to be a dynamite cartridge, causing the ladies of the party to beat a hasty retreat, though the boss explained that it could not be exploded except by a percussion cap or dynamite fuse. The mica is blasted out of the rocks and carted to a dump where men sort out the large, clear pieces for use in stoves, etc., while the refuse is ground into powder to be utilized in filters and many other use-ful articles. With a few samples we started for the teams left at a farm house. The lady of this house showed us some rare specimens taken from another mine, beautiful crystals of all sizes. No small part of our pleasure is due to the many impromptu concerts, consisting of singing accompanied by the merry "plink-plunk" of the banjo. Pleasant drives we enjoy through the beautiful woods, the roads banked on either side by brakes and ferns stately pines and lofty spruces, while babbling brooks trickle down the hillside and flow beneath the road bed to some unseen basin. Nothing but enjoyment has attended us in our brief stay, being as we are in sweet communion with nature's handiwork. What a feeling of restful delight it gives the tired body and weary brain as we gaze upon the surrounding landscape, beautiful in its hills of no mean altitude and the slopes covered with a green velvety carpet. All too soon we must leave this restful spot for the dusty roads of our own historical town. How about the Water Co? Adieu.

A Reliable Institution.

This can be truly said of the Bryant & Stratton Commercial School of Bos-ton, which, as our readers will notice by the advt. in this week's issue, will re-open Tuesday, Sept. 4th. This school, which is the largest and most successful in the world, really needs no recommen-dation from us. It stands at the head of all schools of a similar character. Its graduates can be found by the hundred in the leading counting rooms of New England and it can be patronized with the most implicit confidence that nothing that is possible to be done for its pu-pils will be left undone.

Photography is coming more and more into common use as the vast num-ber of amateurs attest; but for skilled workmanship and guaranteed satisfac-tion, go to Pach Brothers, Harvard square, Cambridge, where Mr. Tupper, the manager, will personally attend your wants. Horse cars pass the door.

Bill-heads, Note-heads, Letter-heads Circulars, and Programmes at short notice at this office.

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Sept 17

We have just received from the manufacturer 100 pairs Ladies' Fine Dongola Boots made to sell at \$2.50, but not being quite up to the samples we have decided to close them out and give decided bargains at
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They are made both in lace and button. Come early and get first choice.
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Game and Vegetables of all kinds in their Season.
Arlington Avenue, - Arlington.

Arlington Heights Locals.
—Yesterday was Traders' Day and the hill looked deserted.
—Harry O. Peirce left on the evening boat last week Friday to join the Heights colony at Bayville.
—Warren Turner will pass his vacation at Bayville, Boothbay, Me. He left for that place on Saturday last.
—Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Lloyd and family are back to their home here after a pleasant outing at Bayville, Me.
—Albert Clark, who makes his home at the Turner's, is now absent on a vacation in one of the rural towns of western Massachusetts.

—Mr. Henry A. Gorham and family are spending the month of August at Prospect Lake, East Wakefield, N. H. Will return Sept. 1.
—Mr. L. F. Bridgman has let his cottage at Bayville for the month of August and members of the family will not occupy the cottage till after Sept. 1st.

—Even the hot weather has not inter-fered with tennis and every afternoon has witnessed parties of young people playing on the courts on the summit.
—The gravel taken from the excavation for the foundation of the standpipe has been used to repair parts of Park avenue and fill in the hollow places of Eastern avenue.

—Mr. J. C. Holmes and family have returned from Bayville, where they passed an agreeable month in the Bridg-man cottage and are fully converted to the charms of this attractive Maine coast resort.

—Mrs. H. T. Elder is slowly recover-ing from her recent severe prostration caused by a critical surgical operation which threatened serious consequences, but her friends now look forward to an ultimate recovery.

—Dr. Ring does not enjoy the pros-pect of the erection of the standpipe on the Heights, his near proximity to it making him apprehensive of the distur-bance the noise the hammering on the iron plates will cause his guests and patients.

—The stretch of sidewalk bordering the Schwanb residence and the E. S. Farmer place, corner of the avenue and Forest street, is to be enclosed with a neat granite curbing which will add much to the appearance of the streets at this junction.

—The big cut on Arlington avenue in front of the old brick district school house, leaves the little structure high and dry, overhanging the high embank-ment. On Wednesday the straightening of the lines on the avenue had progress-ed as far as the old Freeman homestead.

—The Union Parish closed its services for the month of August on Sunday last, during which time the pastor, Rev. Robt. E. Ely, will enjoy a vacation of rest and recreation from his numerous literary and pastoral duties. The services will be resumed on Sunday, Sept. 2d.

—The gutter on the easterly side of Park avenue has been choked up with grass and weeds but this week it has been dug out and the gutter strongly defined by a deep trench which will aid materially, when winter comes, to carry off the snow and water.

—The Y. P. S. C. E. will meet in the chapel, next Wednesday evening, at 7.30. "Plain Living and High Think-ing" is the topic. Bible reference, Mark 10: 23-31. Leader, Miss E. F. Bennett. All are cordially invited.

—The death of Mrs. Marion McBride's father, Mr. J. P. Snow, was the sad oc-casion of her being called to her girlhood home at Williamsburg, in the extreme western part of Massachusetts, on Tues-day. The death occurred on Monday and the funeral took place at Williams-burg on Wednesday. Mrs. McBride is the only surviving member of her im-mediate family, and a sad circumstance of

Please Read This
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On and after July 1, 1894, trains will run as follows:—
LEAVE Boston for Reformatory Station. at 6.30, 8.15, 10.00, a. m.; 1.40, 4.50, 5.50, 6.30, p. m.; Sundays, 12.50, 6.00, p. m. **Return** at 6.30, 7.05, 8.05, 9.20, a. m.; 12.25, 4.00, 5.55, p. m. Sunday 8.25, a. m.; 4.00, p. m.
LEAVE Boston for Concord, Mass., at 6.30, 8.05, 10.00, a. m.; 1.40, 4.50, 5.50, 6.30, p. m.; Sunday, 12.50, 6.00, p. m. **Return** at 6.25, 7.15, 8.10, 9.25, a. m.; 12.30, 4.05, 6.00, p. m. Sunday, 8.30, a. m.; 4.05, p. m.
LEAVE Boston for Bedford at 6.30, 8.05, 10.00, a. m.; 1.40, 2.45, 3.30, 4.50, 5.15, 5.50, 6.30, 7.50, 10.20, p. m.; Sunday, 9.15 a. m.; 12.50, 4.30, 6.00, 9.45, p. m. **Return** at 5.45, 6.34, 7.00, 7.33, 8.19, 8.50, 9.40, a. m.; 12.42, 3.33, 4.15, 6.12, 9.00, p. m.; Sunday, 8.40, a. m.; 12.35, 3.00, 4.16, 5.55, p. m.
LEAVE Boston for Lexington at 6.30, 7.05, 8.05, 9.05, 10.05, a. m.; 12.30, 1.40, 2.45, 3.30, 4.05, 4.50, 5.15, 5.35, 5.50, 6.08, 7.50, 9.15, 10.30, p. m.; Sunday, 9.15, a. m.; 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, p. m. **Return** at 4.35, 5.44, 6.49, 7.09, 7.33, 7.58, 8.00, 8.38, 8.45, 9.56, 11.05, a. m.; 12.20, 12.51, 2.30, 3.43, 4.24, 5.45, 6.20, 6.45, 9.00, 10.10, p. m.; Sunday, 8.57, a. m.; 12.45, 2.10, 3.00, 4.23, 6.04, 8.15, p. m.
LEAVE Boston for Arlington Heights at 6.30, 7.05, 8.05, 9.05, 10.00, 11.05, a. m.; 12.20, 1.40, 2.45, 3.30, 4.05, 4.50, 5.15, 5.35, 5.50, 6.08, 6.30, 7.50, 9.15, 10.30, p. m.; Sunday, 9.15, a. m.; 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, p. m. **Return** at 4.45, 6.05, 6.51, 7.19, 7.43, 8.00, 8.10, 8.34, 8.53, 9.58, 11.15, a. m.; 12.29, 1.01, 2.39, 3.04, 4.32, 5.55, 6.54, 9.18, 10.19, p. m. Sunday, 9.07 a. m.; 12.54, 2.20, 3.11, 4.35, 6.15, 8.25, p. m.
LEAVE Boston for Arlington at 6.30, 7.05, 8.05, 9.05, 10.00, 11.05, a. m.; 12.30, 1.40, 2.45, 3.30, 4.05, 4.50, 5.02, 5.19, 5.35, 5.50, 6.08, 6.30, 7.70, 7.50, 9.15, 10.30, p. m.; Sunday, 9.15, a. m.; 12.50, 2.00, 4.30, 6.00, 7.15, 9.45, p. m. **Return** at 4.50, 6.11, 6.56, 7.24, 7.43, 8.04, 8.16, 8.39, 9.00, 10.05, 11.21, a. m.; 12.35, 1.07, 2.46, 4.00, 4.38, 5.37, 6.01, 6.30, 7.00, 7.45, 9.24, 10.25, p. m.; Sunday, 9.13, a. m.; 1.23, 2.36, 3.18, 4.41, 6.21, 8.31.
LEAVE Arlington for Lowell at 6.55, 10.22, a. m.; 3.50, 6.08, p. m.
LEAVE Lexington for Lowell at 7.11, 10.34, a. m.; 4.06, 6.25, p. m.
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West End Street Railway Co. TIME TABLE.

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ROUTE No. 701 (8.15-20-30)—Via Arlington ave., North ave., Harvard sq., Main, West Bos-ton bridge, Cambridge, to Bowdoin sq. **Return** via Green and Chambers, hence same route.
Time—First car 4.30, a. m. (via Beacon and Hampshire streets), 5.00, then from Arlington at 5.45, a. m.; then from Arlington Heights at 5.59, and every 30 minutes to 11.29, a. m.; 11.54, and every 15 minutes to 8.39, p. m.; 8.59, 9.19, 9.39, 10.09, last car.
Sunday—First car 8.09, half hourly till 9.39, after which hour up to 11.39, run every 15 min-utes; from 11.39 to 6.39, run every 12 minutes; after for the remainder of the day till 10.09, every 15 minutes. Starting point Arlington Heights.
Stops as follows:
Park avenue, Lowell street, Forest street, Brattle street, Walnut street, Grove street, Schouler court, Bartlett avenue, Arlington Car House, Pleasant street turnout, Railroad Crossing, Arlington House, Franklin street, Wyman street, Tufts street, Winter street, Henderson street, Tannery street, No. Cambridge Railroad Crossing, North ave. Stables.
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What Not To Do.

Whatever failings you may have, and heaven knows all have some, that they should struggle day and night to try and overcome, never stand within the market place, and as you coldly frown, with all the strength that you possess, throw cudgels at your town.

Do not upon the corners stand and openly declare Her merchants are the meanest men to be found anywhere.

For doing so, you only bring upon the town disgrace: Besides, my friend, this is no way to build up any place.

What if the town hall is not large as you, perhaps, desire: The meeting house is over large for the height of the spire.

There is a better way, my friend, the town's good to advance, Than throwing cudgels at her head when e'er you get a chance.

Do not unceasingly complain about her streets and squares, The failures her officials have, the parson's talks and prayers,

And do not in an endless platit your small opinion give Of how much better things were done where once you chanced to live.

Do not throw cudgels at your town because it is not right, And if you do the chances are that most of it is spite.

If people do not look at things exactly as you do, I would not be surprised to learn the trouble is with you.

If things are not what they should be, and ought to be improved, Roll up your sleeves and go to work and have what's wrong removed;

But let me say whatever line of action you pursue, Do not destroy what you now have, till you can build anew. —Boston Globe.

Mrs. Blackwar's Neighbors.

BY EMMA A. OPPER.

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Geoffrey's Uncle Maynard. "Tag-rag and bob-tail!"

"Those," Geoffrey observed, in the smiling calmness which was a charming characteristic of his—enthusiastic young ladies had been known to call it "sweet"—"those are epithets which I don't wish to have applied to Miss Hall."

"Miss Hall? Miss Bawl—Squall!" said Uncle Maynard, with cheap but bitter sarcasm.

"And those are equally objectionable," Geoffrey remonstrated.

But he was too deeply, thankfully happy to be in the least disturbed. He leaned forward on his folded arms, looking frank and handsome.

"Now here's the case, nunky," he began. "Here we've lived in this delightful town of Bridgeton for three years—two bachelors, alone in the world except for distant relatives in Nebraska. Peculiar case, and sad—but true. To put it briefly—two bachelors, good-looking and well-off and generally attractive," said Geoffrey, blandly, "and the possessors of the prettiest place in town; the recipients of the kindest hospitality of the best citizens; the—By-the-way," he added, lighting a cigar, "there's Mrs. Blackwar watering her begonias."

Uncle Maynard looked around with instinctive quickness, and turned back as suddenly.

"She's got on that fearful-beeoming lavender lawn," Geoffrey remarked. "I've been told that she made the departed Blackwar so utterly happy that he fairly hated to die. Excepting Chrissy, she's the best-looking woman in town. Well, to resume—"

"Don't resume," said Uncle Maynard, shortly. "I know what you're going to say—that we owe it to the community to get married, or some idiosyncrasy of that sort. I'd like to know why we do? We pay our taxes and our butcher's bills, don't we? You're in love, that's the trouble—plague take you!"

"The trouble?" Geoffrey murmured, with an exaggerated sigh of blissful contentment. "Trouble? Ah!"

"You'll find it so," Uncle Maynard retorted. "Wait and see. In love, are you—and engaged? Go ahead! You'll regret it. A single life is the only sensible, comfortable life for a man. Every level-headed fellow knows it."

"Your experience of married life has not been—ah—the most extensive," Geoffrey suggested.

And Uncle Maynard writhed a little. "You can't trust any woman on earth!" he avowed. "They're a fickle, frivolous set!"

"Chrissy isn't. She's sweetness and faithfulness personified, and—and boiled down," said Geoffrey.

Uncle Maynard sniffed in caustic incredulity.

"Then she she's flirted around considerably, first and last. Haven't I heard something about young Kennedy in that connection?"

"You don't imagine I'm the only

man that has wanted her—her!" Geoffrey rejoined. "I happen to know her opinion of Ben Kennedy."

Then he sat up straight and bowed, and waved his hand and smiled broadly and with a becoming flush.

Through the open window there was a fleeting glimpse of a yellow dog-cart and a cherry-colored silk waist and white parasol, and a dark-eyed, smiling, beautiful face. Miss Hall was out driving with her mother.

Geoffrey cast at his uncle a glance of challenge and triumph; then he looked over into the neighboring lawn.

"Mrs. Blackwar—" he began, and slapped his knee and laughed wickedly when Uncle Maynard looked hurriedly around—"Mrs. Blackwar and Chrissy are regular chums, do you know, nunky," he concluded.

Because he was going off on a two days' business trip, Geoffrey spent all the next day with his betrothed.

He played tennis with her in the morning, and took her for a drive in the afternoon, and sat with her on her vine-embowered piazza till rather late that evening, and he went off the next day looking glum.

"Pshaw! pshaw!" said Uncle Maynard. "Bear up! She'll forget all about you by the time you get back. Two whole days is ample time for it."

He recalled his ironical prophecy later with a poignant regret.

When his nephew returned two days later, Miss Lauretta Vanderhoof was driving past the railroad station in her coupe, and she kindly took him in and drove him home.

Uncle Maynard came down to the gate to greet him, flinging aside his cigar and newspaper.

Goodness and guilelessness shone in Miss Vanderhoof's face like the sun in a placid pool. She was aristocratic and charitable and quite deaf.

She motioned to her solemn coachman to wait while she communicated a piece of news.

"You know John Hall's girl, don't you?" she inquired of Uncle Maynard.

"Heavens, yes!" he responded.

"My nephew here—"

"Well," said Miss Vanderhoof, smiling with benign pleasure, "she is married. She was married on Wednesday quite suddenly."

"To whom?" Uncle Maynard demanded.

Geoffrey stood utterly still.

"To young Kennedy—Benjamin Kennedy. It was very abrupt; an elopement—really an elopement," said Miss Vanderhoof, with sympathetic enjoyment. "Mrs. Derringer was telling me all about it. They drove to Colliett Wednesday afternoon, and were married by the Reverend Mr. Ainsley, of St. Paul's Church. 'Surprise' weddings are not correct, I presume; but it was so romantic, wasn't it? And they are young and impulsive. I'm sure Bridgeton will forgive them."

She beamed her good-by.

Uncle Maynard followed Geoffrey to the house. The young man strode fast. On the porch he dropped his satchel, and sat down weakly. He looked so white that Uncle Maynard was startled.

"Coming here with her gossip!" he growled.

"She had not heard of my—my engagement to her, I suppose," said Geoffrey.

He looked pitifully bewildered.

"What possessed the girl, anyhow? Uncle Maynard demanded, explosively. "Ben Kennedy! the dickens!"

"Well," said Geoffrey, hoarsely, "he has plenty of money, and he wanted her, everybody knows. I don't understand it. I—I can't talk about it."

He passed an unsteady hand across his white face.

"He looks five years older," his uncle reflected. "Drat the women!"

Geoffrey went up to his room, and came down with his fishing-rod.

"I'll go off for a tramp, nunky," he said, with the ghostly likeness of a smile. "I'll—I'll have to."

"Oh, come!" his uncle remonstrated. "Have some supper—have a smoke!"

But Geoffrey was gone.

The elder bachelor sat down in a porch chair and read two paragraphs about the last strike. Then he dashed down the paper.

"Confound the women!" he muttered.

He felt distinctly uncomfortable; he felt quite miserable.

"I told him she'd forget him in two days," he thought.

But he was sorry for his jeering prediction. Geoffrey's stricken face haunted him.

"He'll get over it," he said, aloud, settling up and down the porch. "But she's a pretty little thing!"

His sweeping opinion of women was

confirmed. Geoffrey wouldn't have much more to say. But he found himself wishing—actually wishing—that he had not been borne out in precisely this way.

He would almost have preferred to be proven ignominiously wrong regarding Chrissy Hall, and all other women in the world, collectively and individually—he would have preferred it to seeing Geoffrey's foolish warm heart broken.

He tramped up and down, smoking furiously and darkly scowling.

It grew dusky. Geoffrey did not appear. Supper was served, and he ate it mechanically. Then he smoked and frowned for another half-hour in the parlor.

Mrs. Blackwar's parlor was cheerfully alight, too. He could see the glow of her red lampshade.

There was a sudden crack of wheels on the gravelled drive—a light, quick step and a jingling of the bell.

"A lady, sir," announced the maid who answered the door.

The lady tripped in, almost into Uncle Maynard's arms. She wore a cherry-red silk waist and a broad, white-plumed hat, beneath which her black eyes and smiling, tremulous red mouth looked very lovely.

"Oh," she said—she was in a timid flutter and her voice trembled sweetly—"I—I came to see—Mamma didn't know it; she would never have let me. But—is Geoffrey all right? Did he get home? Where is he? I thought he was to have come on the five-o'clock train. He said so, and he promised to come right over and stay to supper, and I got frightened. I had to come over and see if he got home safe. I thought of railroad accidents and everything. I—"

Uncle Maynard put her into a chair. "He's alive and well," he said. "Did you and Ben Kennedy drive to Colliett last Wednesday and get married?"

"What?" said Miss Hall, in a faint scream.

"By the Reverend Ainsley of St. Paul's Church?" Uncle Maynard pursued.

Geoffrey's sweetheart spread her dark eyes till they could express no more of horrified amazement.

"I?" she gasped. "And Ben Kennedy?"

"It's what Miss Vanderhoof told us Mrs. Derringer told her," said Uncle Maynard, dryly and mercilessly.

Miss Hall's timorousness disappeared in short order. She stood up, and a flush rose in her cheeks, and her eyes sparkled.

She looked so pretty that Geoffrey's uncle rather wished he was Geoffrey.

"The idea!" she cried, with a ringing emphasis. "The very idea of it? Ben Kennedy! I haven't even seen him for three weeks or so. And I haven't been driving with any man but Geoffrey. I did go with him Tuesday, and not Wednesday."

"And his horse is a bob-tailed bay, like young Kennedy's?" Uncle Maynard suggested.

"And we did drive toward Colliett. And that's the whole foundation for that charming story. If I hadn't anything better to do than to spread such ridiculous, awful gossip—"

"You don't mean anything personal?" said Uncle Maynard.

"I mean Miss Vanderhoof," Geoffrey's betrothed responded, warmly. "I never dreamed she was such a cat."

And then as the unreasonableness of calling sweet old Miss Vanderhoof a cat dawned upon them, they laughed.

"She is deaf," Uncle Maynard said. "She may have got a little twisted. At any rate—"

Geoffrey stood in the door.

There was no need of words. He caught his breath; he turned white and red. The stunned misery faded from his handsome face, and glowing content settled there.

He sprang forward, and so did the girl in the cherry-red waist; and he caught her in his arms.

Uncle Maynard left them thus together. He strolled out on the piazza. His eyes were moist, and he wiped them.

Somewhat, he felt ten years younger. His feelings were almost buoyant. He could not think a single ironical thought; he made a feeble attempt at it, and failed. He was not certain he should ever be able to again.

The red lampshade next door shone warmly and encouragingly. Uncle Maynard hesitated a little, smiling in the friendly darkness. Then he went upstairs and brushed his hair and put on a white tie, and went over to call on Mrs. Blackwar.—Saturday Night.

No man need marry for the sake of having his tail cut off, since a machine has been invented which will cut off a tail in a day.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

TRAINING EARLY APPLES.

The early harvest apple is very likely to overbear, but it is quite good for pies when not fully grown, provided enough sweetening is added to take off the surplus acidity. It is best to shake off some from all the trees at this time, even though they be no market for them, for those left to ripen will be greatly improved in size and flavor, besides making sure that the tree will perfect fruit buds for bearing the next season. Usually the early harvest tree allowed to ripen all its fruit in years of abundance bears nothing the following year.—Cultivator.

THE BEST COWS.

It is said that in their native land the Guernsey cows are much more highly thought of than the Jerseys. They are somewhat larger, and are reddish and brindled in color. These cows are milked three times daily, and the milk is churned without skimming; one pound of butter a day is no uncommon thing for a good cow. The cow cabbage grows so large that its leaves are used to wrap the butter in for market. These cows receive the very best care. The grass they feed on is highly enriched by a species of seaweed gathered from the reefs at low tide. When feeding the cows are always tethered, as they eat less in this way and give more milk than if glutted with food. When they are done eating they are at once removed from the sun into the shade. The breed is preserved from intermixture with other breeds by laws which are strictly enforced.—New Orleans Picayune.

CAULIFLOWERS.

An increased percentage of marketable heads was the result of handling cauliflower plants in pots during the early stages of growth at the Maine station, as reported by W. M. Munson. Trimming plants at time of setting was of doubtful value. Early varieties, as a rule, proved more certain than the later sorts to produce a satisfactory crop. The general treatment of the cauliflower is similar to that required by the cabbage. Frequent and thorough cultivation is essential. That the heads may be well bleached, the outer leaves should be brought together and tied a few days before cutting. Unless taken directly from the garden, a cabbage or cauliflower is much improved if so placed that it can absorb water through its stalk for twelve to twenty-four hours before cooking. Any insect in a cauliflower head may be driven out by soaking it in salt water, upside down, for an hour. The earliest varieties grown at the station were: Burpee's Best Early, Dwarf Danish, Kronk's Perfection, and Livingston's Earliest; closely followed by Alabaster, Landreth's First, Long Island Beauty, and several strains of Snowball. All of these varieties produced a high percentage of marketable cauliflowers.—American Agriculturist.

RESTORATION OF A POOR FARM.

There is no better way of improving a farm than to start a dairy on it and make butter. All that goes into the land in this case comes from the air, that is, if the skimmed milk is fed to pigs and the manure is saved; and if clover or pens are grown to as large an extent as possible, the little nitrogen thus lost in the growth of the pigs is much more than returned to the land. One acre of clover will bring to the land 180 pounds of nitrogen every year, while there are only five pounds of nitrogen in 1000 pounds of the skimmed milk. And thus, if a cow gives fifty pounds of milk a day on an average through the year, the soil loses only twenty-five pounds of nitrogen, which is only one-seventh part of the contribution from the atmosphere on each acre of clover. But, as it will pay a good profit to buy rich food for the cows to increase the milk, and four-fifths of this will be regained in the manure, it is easily seen how rapidly the soil of a butter dairy farm, even only half well managed, must improve in fertility. All this has been proved over and over again by experience, and even if all the milk is sold from the farm, the improvement will be equivalent to a gain of six-sevenths of all that is acquired by the clover from the atmosphere, with the gain from the purchased food added to it.—New York Times.

CAUSE OF HOG CHOLERA.

The origin of hog cholera is supposed to be very nearly the same as similar diseases among human beings, that is, it is originated in filth and where animals are crowded together and water, and of course hogs that are infected with live and other

nal parasites must necessarily sleep in very filthy beds, else they would soon rid themselves of these pests if afforded an opportunity. But after a disease of this kind once becomes established in ever so circumscribed a locality the germs may pass from the unhealthy to the apparently healthy animal either by infection or contagion, according to its nature. Hog cholera, or, more correctly speaking, "swine fever," is believed to be contagious, for it will pass from farm to farm where there is no communication, or contact of animals, or other articles upon which the germs could possibly be transported from the disease-laden yard to those free from such a malady. As for remedies, there are none which can be depended upon where the disease has assumed anything like a virulent form. The best thing to do is to seek preventatives in the way of cleanliness and variety of food. It is also well to turn the hogs out to pasture, or at least change their feeding grounds as soon as the disease appears among them.—New York Sun.

NOVELTIES ON THE FARM.

Nothing will amuse the young people on the farm better than the growing of a few of the less common products, and a few innovations will prove more instructive. Let the children devote a good sized piece of land to experimenting. Among vegetables there are a number of interesting oddities which are also useful additions to the farm bill of fare. The kohlrabi is a vegetable nondescript, which can be grown as easily as cabbages, which it resembles in flavor. The vegetable oyster resembles a small parsnip, and is much liked by some. The egg plant is grown like the tomato, and when well prepared, it constitutes a very desirable dish, either fried or baked. Jerusalem artichokes are welcome early in the spring, and are easily grown, the chief difficulty being to kill them out when once established. The Golbe artichoke is also easy to grow, and is a real luxury. Swiss chard is a variety of beet used only for greens. The leaf stalks when cooked like asparagus are second only to that vegetable. Spinach greens are now commonly to be had on farms, but they are excellent and easy to raise.

Cauliflowers are scarce upon the average farm, but the children can raise them if they will take pains. Even among the common kinds of vegetables there are special varieties which are true novelties. The young farmers will enjoy trying some of these also.

Among fruits there are many desirable novelties and oddities. Every farm should have a couple of Downing mulberry trees. The fruit ripens gradually and is really very good, although slightly too sweetish. Every farmer can raise enough apricots for home use without much trouble. Dwarf cherries are a hardy novelty well worth trying. Black currants are very easy to raise and make good jelly. Near large cities the surplus can be sold. Juneberries, wineberries and dewberries are profitable in a few sections. Any of these oddities on a farm will attract attention, and can hardly fail to amuse the young people, and the old folks, too.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Bagging is a sure preventive of grape rot.

Too much green food will cause diarrhoea among chickens.

With all sheep the softest and finest wool lies on the shoulders.

To keep butter from sticking to the churn, the latter should be thoroughly scalded.

After burning up the trimmings and other rubbish, give the ashes to the trees.

Pumpkins are excellent food for hogs and cattle, and sheep soon learn to eat them with relish.

Milk should be aerated as soon as possible after it is drawn, and it should be cooled at the same time.

No part of a breeder's time is more profitably spent than that employed in looking after young foals.

Many fail to secure a good meadow for no other reason than that sufficient seed is not sown at the start.

Wide tires, with axles of different lengths, on heavy wagons, would be a great help to road-keeping.

Hog raising should go hand in hand with dairying. Sweet whey, butter-milk and skim milk are profitable feeds for pigs.

It is as important to keep the farm tools in good order as to have a sharp eye, as the better the condition of the tools and implements, the less effort is required by the team and the better the work is performed.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

WHY CLOTHES FADE.

Colored clothing fades because it is put into hot water. Even the brown hosiery will keep the bright russet tint if washed in cold water. Nothing else is good for lisle thread, silk or silk and thread underwear. Printed lawns, cottons and linens are in danger the moment hot water touches them. Woolens, on the other hand, should never be put in cold water. Only white goods should be boiled.—St. Louis Star-Sayings.

GETTING RID OF COCKROACHES.

A woman tells of getting rid of cockroaches in a peculiar way. She accidentally left her big tin cake box open one night, and in the morning found about a pint of the roaches in it. These she destroyed and found they were not so bad for a day or two. When they got thick again she concluded to try an experiment, so she steamed some dry cake and dropped it in the cake box. When she went to it the next morning it had nearly a pint of roaches, and she kept this up for a week and about rid her house of the pests. The box was so deep that they could not climb the unpainted inside to get out, and the smell of the cake attracted them in great numbers.—Washington Star.

RAG CARPETS.

Rag carpets can be made pretty, durable and cheap. Every family has old clothes too good for paper rags, and not fit for further wear, which can be used for making rag carpets. If allowed to accumulate in a house they only gather dust and moths. One can use old stockings, cut "round and round;" old coats, and even felt hats. Woolen rags are preferable to cotton, as they will not burn so rapidly as cotton if the carpet is accidentally set on fire. They retain their colors better, also, but cotton rags make a light weight carpet, and this some prefer. Too bright colors in a carpet spoil its effects in a room by making it conspicuous, and thus detracting from the other furnishings of the room. An old lady famous for making pretty carpets, when asked how she got the peculiar shade in her material, said: "These knows that when I get my rags ready for weaving, I put them all in a strong brown dye made of walnut hulls." Two differently arranged narrow stripes, alternating with a narrow "hit or miss" stripe, blend better together than the wide old-fashioned way of having one wide fancy stripe and one wide "hit or miss" stripe. A carpet made entirely of "hit or miss" rags costs less for weaving and is used very frequently. Colored warp, on sale in the stores, is dearer than the white, and is usually rotted in coloring. A few cents' worth of copperas and logwood will color several pounds of warp a beautiful drab. Old cotton socks unravelled out make good thread for sewing rags. The rag carpet well made wears better than the other kinds, and will sell for about fifty cents a yard, though in the making they should cost hardly more than seventeen to twenty cents.—Home and Farm.

RECIPES.

Fried Squash—Cut a crook-neck squash in slices and soak them in cold salt water one hour. Wipe them dry, dip them in batter and fry brown in a little butter, or dip them in egg, roll in fine bread-crumbs and fry in boiling-hot fat.

Soft Gingerbread.—One cup each of molasses, sugar and butter, three cups of flour, three eggs, one tablespoonful each of ginger, allspice and cinnamon, one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a cup of cream or milk and add the last thing.

Charlotte russe cake.—One and one-half pints of cold, rich cream, sweeten and flavor with vanilla to taste. Beat until quite stiff, then add one-quarter of a box of Cox's gelatine dissolved in a little water, and continue beating until it is stiff enough to put between layers of sponge cake.

Tomato and mutton pie.—Butter a deep dish, put in a layer of sliced tomatoes, then a layer of mutton out in rather small pieces, sprinkle lightly with fine bread crumbs and season with pepper, salt and bits of butter. Continue until the dish is full, leaving the crumbs for the top. Bake an hour and a half.

Cocoanut Drops.—Grate a cocoanut and weigh it, then add half the weight of powdered sugar and the white of one egg beaten to a stiff froth. Stir the ingredients together, then drop the mixture with a dessert spoon upon browned white paper or in sheets and slice when dry. Bake in a slow oven for ten minutes.

MY COUSIN.

My cousin Elsa had, I am sorry to say, grown into a provocative woman, with a dirty complexion and a tendency to hint on insufficient evidence that man whom she met were in love with her. She gave these hints to a confidante, and the confidante always told the men, and the men as a rule were very angry. Sometimes they complained to me. She was just pretty enough to make her story probable, and this was exasperating. I pointed out to them that Elsa was the kind of a girl that had to do something to make her mother suffer, that there was no authentic instance of any one who knew her well having taken her seriously, and that it was best to bear quietly with the ways of women. I did what I could. I told her that it was vulgar to pose as the car of Jungernaut, but although she is quite vulgar enough to consciously avoid vulgarity she would not see it.

I came upon her late one night at one of her mother's parties when nearly every one had gone. She was wearing the most affected clothes, liquid eyes and a small point.

"Poor little me!" she said in her favorite girl of 4 manner. "What have I done? I feel positively certain that Mr. Wysloup will kill me."

"Yes?"

"Indeed, yes and yes and yes! He would take me into supper, and ever since I said a word to any other man he has looked at me in a positively murderous way."

"Elsa," I said, "I will give you six lessons in the art of implication for a shilling. It is cheap, but I hate to see you doing things martistically. It is all right with me, of course, but I fancy that you had better not tell other people that Wysloup is in love with you."

"I never said he was. And why must I tell?"

"Because Wysloup is dangerous."

"Oh! Why dangerous? Then I think I will."

She did, and Wysloup heard of it. He is connected with the proprietor of the Wysloup multiplex sock. The multiplex sock is, if one may trust the advertisement, an added luxury to life and cannot wear out. It has certainly conferred more fortune than honor upon the nephew of the proprietor. If in your ignorance you cheerily ask Wysloup if he is connected with the multiplex sock, he will tell you frankly that he is his nephew. But when once he knows that you are aware of the connection he does not permit any further reference to it. For instance, Denner happened once to be talking at the club about the possibility that he might have to leave his house. A certain railway had a great envy to go through his front garden. Some one asked him if he felt anxious about it.

"Yes," said Denner, "I am in a state of the most awful suspense, like my multiplex socks." Wysloup was present and heard this, but he said nothing. Later, at whist, Major Birdmont—who is all liver and suspicions—was coupled with Wysloup against Drisfield and Denner. The major is quite unable to believe in extraordinary luck at whist unless it happens to come to himself. He would distrust his own mother if she had seven trumps. Consequently it was unfortunate that Denner commenced by dealing himself the whole of the 13. With great difficulty the major held his tongue and spoke nothing, but his face darkened. Denner was greatly surprised. Wysloup smiled a faint ghost of a smile. Presently Denner noticed that the major was watching him intently. As Denner is a perfectly ordinary and honest man he was naturally annoyed. But in spite of his honesty when it came to Denner's turn to deal again he dealt himself 11 trumps with the ace and king of another suit. He could hardly believe his eyes. He flung down his cards and won the rubber.

As the major rose to go he said, "My children had been meaning to take me to the Egyptian hall tonight, but what a good enough for me." No man probably likes to have it implied that he is cheating for the sake of shilling points at whist. Denner was furious and lost no time in making the major very much less vague and very much more humble, but he was nevertheless exceedingly annoyed about it. Of course it may not have been Wysloup that was responsible, but I have noticed that those who vex him generally get punished, and he can do anything with the cards. Besides Wysloup was very busy losing money to the major at cards on the following day. Now, the major cannot play cards, and Wysloup can. This was the only occasion on which it had occurred to me that Wysloup had the bettered relics of a conscience.

I was curious to see how he would take my cousin Elsa's remedy. She had told me that she had been to a certain Bank's a reporter. He told Wysloup all about it. Remember, he told me that he had told Wysloup. Now, I thought, Wysloup will cut her dead and make no secret why he does it, or he will not some scandal about her. He did nothing of the kind. He treated her with the most delicate and respectful attention. He took every chance of meeting her. He seemed at first to desire nothing more than to be forever her humble and silent worshiper.

Once or twice as she stepped from the carriage up the steps of carpet to some party to which Wysloup had not been invited she saw him standing in the crowd, half in shadow, cloaked, watching her with rapt eyes and a romantic air as impressive as the advertisements of the multiplex sock. On the occasions when he did meet her he by no means monopolized her. He took with him his usual companion, a man of his own kind, and showed her that he remembered every word she said and every expression she made. He was not a man to be deceived.

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thing that could imply that Wysloup was fond of her, yet she talked a good deal of him. She told me one night that he was the only man she knew who had a really noble nature. I said: "All right, but let it stop at that. Don't marry him." She said ecstatically that one would not marry Sir Galahad. I said that I had never tried. Then she told me that I was vulgar, which was fairly true.

Of course a week or two afterward she came to me with a letter in her hand. "You know," she began, "that poor dear mamma does not like Mr. Wysloup. She asks him to things sometimes because I make her, but she hates him."

"Yes?"

"Well, I'm in great trouble. He's written to me—a proposal, and I have accepted him. Oh! oh! I hadn't expected it, and I'm not worthy, and I never called any one Algernon before in my life. I want you to break it to mamma and tell her it's all right."

"You won't like it. He's going abroad to look after the colonial interests of the multiplex sock. You had better write and say that you've changed your mind. What's that letter you've got there?"

"It's his. It's the letter. I can't bear to let it get out of my hands."

"The address on the envelope," I said, "is not in Wysloup's writing."

"Well, it is the same as the writing in the inside and the same as the acceptance he wrote to our invitations. I wish we hadn't destroyed them."

I went to a drawer and pulled out a sheet of note paper. "There," I said, "I saw Wysloup write that and sign it. Compare it with the letter. I have known Wysloup's handwriting for years."

It took me time to convince her, but I did it. She became slightly illogical. She said that Wysloup ought to be ashamed of himself, and that it obviously was not he who had played her the trick and that I was much to blame for introducing him to her—which, by the way, I never did. She also said that it would kill her, but it didn't.

This is the reply she received to her acceptance in Wysloup's own handwriting:

DEAR MISS HARDING—I gather from your letter that some person has been writing to you a proposal in my name, and that you have been a victim of vulgar practical joke. I must thank you for the very warm and flattering expressions that you used about me, and I am indeed sorry that I cannot plead a right to them. But I shall hope to be always a brother to you. It came to my knowledge a few months ago that you had coupled my name with yours in a very unjustifiable way. I shall therefore retain your letter as a hostage. As long as you refrain from taking such liberties in the future no one will see that letter but myself. Again apologizing for my inability to be to you all that you would wish, I remain yours respectfully,

ALGERNON WYSLUP.

Elsa spent a vast amount of tears, gasps and torn handkerchiefs over this letter. "How dare a man say that he will be my brother?" she exclaimed. Then she once more referred to the probability of her immediate decease.

Wysloup left England a few days afterward, and we never found out whom he had got to write the letters for him. For all we knew he may have disguised his own handwriting.

When Elsa married Sir Peter a year afterward, Wysloup sent her as a wedding present a gold bonbonniere with her love letter folded small inside it. He once more showed the relics of a conscience.

A few weeks afterward I caught Elsa speaking of Wysloup to a dear friend.

"Yes," said Elsa sweetly, "there was something between us, but it could never be. He left England, you know, directly afterward. I do so hope that his life is not quite spoiled."

So Elsa struck the last blow. But then she was never hampered even by the relics of a conscience.—Sketch.

Proposed New Road.

We are given to understand that it is proposed by the Selectmen of Lexington to petition the Massachusetts Highway Commission to extend Middle street from Bryant's corner in East Lexington to Lincoln and Concord, and make it a county road or highway through these respective towns. The petition will be made on the strength of an act relative to highways under Chapter 497 passed by the last Legislature, June 20th, 1884, which opens as follows:

Section 1. Whenever the county commission of a county, or the mayor and aldermen of a city, or the selectmen of a town, or the public need its convenience require that the Commonwealth take charge of a new or existing road, or highway, in whole or in part, in that county, city or town, they may apply by petition in writing to the Massachusetts Highway Commission, stating the road they recommend, together with a plan and profile of the same.

The act provides that the highway shall be constructed and kept in good condition by said Commission, at the expense of the Commonwealth, and shall be known as a State road, and under their control and supervision. It further provides that damages sustained by owners of personal property by the construction of the road shall be paid by the Commonwealth, also all construction of State roads shall be fairly apportioned by the Commission among the different counties, and not more than ten miles of road shall be constructed in any one county in any one year without the approval of the Governor and Council. Under Section 5 the conditions of the payment for the building of the road are contained as follows:

Section 5. One quarter of any money expended for the improvement of any road in any county for a highway, with interest on said quarter, shall be paid by the county, city or town, and the remainder shall be paid by the Commonwealth, in such proportion as the Commission may determine.

Section 6. The county treasurer, with the approval of the county commissioners, may make such loans as may be necessary to meet the expenses of the county in the construction of highways.

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Section 15. The county commissioners may, with the approval of the county treasurer, make such loans as may be necessary to meet the expenses of the county in the construction of highways.

ARLINGTON LOCAL NEWS.

Continued from 1st page.

Cambridge, about 25 years of age and son of a gardener of that city, so he telephoned the Cambridge police and later Walker's friends came for him. It seems that it was on the grave of a deceased lady friend of the young man that he made the excavation in which he was found, and he had also provided flowers for what he intended should be their mutual grave. The young man had been seriously ill for some time and had taken quantities of morphine, which was the real cause of the demerol state he was in when he determined to end his life in the dramatic way selected. Arlington is acquiring a not altogether enviable reputation as a resort of suicides; then these episodes cost the town a pretty penny in the aggregate.

About noon last Saturday a fire started in the brush and grass along the northeasterly line of Mt. Pleasant Cemetery, got beyond control of the work men there and an alarm was pulled in from Box 26, to which the firemen responded and soon brushed it out, after small damage to the fence. Some one had exploded a fire cracker in the key-hole of the box, disarranging the machinery so that it gave only a 22 stroke, the usual "no school" signal. The rule is that when this is sounded outside of certain specified hours it means fire at the Russell school building, so the firemen turned out promptly as usual and were directed by an officer to the scene of the blaze, so there was no delay.

May we offer our sincere congratulations to the Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D. D., on the success of his new book, entitled "My Life and Times." That it is merited no one can doubt, and when the interesting volume has been read the secret of its success will be at once apparent, and it will be no surprise to learn that the second edition has been exhausted and that a third edition is about to be issued to meet the steady demand for the book.

It was a trifle tough on tax collector Locke that the cool wave of yesterday was so long delayed. All through the last torrid wave he stood at "the receipt of customs," taking in a pile of checks and stacks of greenbacks to meet calls on the treasury department through coming months. The total amount securing the 5 per cent. discount for prompt payment was \$90,000.

The new offices at the Keeley Institute are extremely pleasant and are situated so they are particularly convenient and of easy access from the street. Dr. Rice's office is one it is a pleasure to linger in these hot days, with its quiet restfulness and cool atmosphere, not at all suggestive of professional disquietudes. It is furnished with a roomy roll-top desk that suggests business and some rare pieces of antique furniture, while a neat and unobtrusive medical case occupies a convenient place on a mahogany pier table which is older than many of our readers. A roomy old-fashioned mahogany sofa upholstered in a rich-toned plush suggests comfort and repose, while a high reaching secretary, with a curved front and antique brass fittings, gives dignity to the room. The floor is uncovered and is of nicely polished hard pine. Maj. Muzzey's office is adjoining and is quite as pleasant but has a more public aspect as of course would be expected of the clerk's quarters. Inviting chairs, desks and writing tables give an inviting and business-like aspect while some relics of the Major's service in the civil war in the way of armor and saddle trappings are used to decorate the walls most effectively.

Four Big Successes.

Having the needed merit to more than make good all the advertising claimed for them, the following four remedies have reached a phenomenal sale. Dr. King's New Discovery, for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, each bottle guaranteed—Electric Bitters, the great remedy for Liver, Stomach and Kidneys. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, and Dr. King's New Life Pills, which are a perfect pill. All these remedies are guaranteed to do just what is claimed for them and the dealer whose name is attached herewith will be glad to tell you more of them. Sold at the Drug Stores of A. A. Tilden, Arlington, and H. A. Perham, Lexington.

Arlington Boat Club News.

"Ernest Rankin struck them out and the A. B. C. batters pounded them out, and there was no joy on Beach street, No. Cambridge, last Saturday evening; there was no gleeful gathering gushingly glowing over the event of the day; the banner which was to have frantically waved in triumph was silently folded and laid away; the voices which were to have loudly sounded the philanthropic name of R-I-N-D-G-E along Massachusetts avenue were hushed. Even the little tennis ball failed in its mission." So exclaimed an enthusiastic A. B. C. man in giving us an outline of the game. But the visitors played good ball just the same, only the home team played better ball, excepting in the field; there the visitors had a slight advantage. Arlington put 35 men to the bat against Rindge's 45, and Arlington made 8 errors; Rindge made 9, but the latter's were the least costly. The game was at all times close enough to be interesting, and the good plays of both sides, of which there were many, were heartily applauded by the large number of people present. Pullen was the star player on the Rindge team. Richardson, Rankin, Shirley and Beedle did good work for the Boat Club team, although the latter made a bad error in the first inning, making an easy throw

to first, the runner subsequently scoring. Shirley's errors were redeemed by his excellent batting. Pierce fielded first base very prettily at a critical stage. Rankin, however, was the great player of the day and fully deserved the praise bestowed. Richardson made a great catch of a foul ball at the grand stand, having previously been badly injured by Pullen who, instead of walking home when given the plate on a balk, ran violently into Richardson, spiking him severely on the left leg. Fred Ayer, who was to have played first base, was prevented by illness, but he enjoyed the game from the grand stand. The following is the score:—

ARLINGTON BOAT CLUB.										
	AB	R	BH	TP	P	A	E			
Beedle 1b.....	4	1	1	1	8	3	2			
Rankin 2b.....	5	1	3	5	1	4	0			
Shirley 3b.....	5	2	1	1	0	1	0			
Richardson 4b.....	3	2	1	1	13	0	0			
Pierce 5b.....	3	2	3	5	1	1	1			
Shirley 6b.....	4	1	2	2	3	1	0			
Johnson 7b.....	4	0	1	1	0	1	0			
Brookway 8b.....	4	0	0	0	0	2	2			
Slide 9b.....	3	1	0	0	0	0	1			
Totals.....	35	10	12	14	27	13	5			

RINDGE.										
	AB	R	BH	TP	P	A	E			
J. Gray 1b.....	5	2	0	0	1	0	1			
Rankin 2b.....	6	2	2	2	1	0	1			
Clark 3b.....	5	0	2	2	0	0	1			
M. Gray 4b.....	5	1	2	2	0	0	2			
Fleming 5b.....	5	0	2	2	3	3	0			
Guernan 6b.....	5	1	2	2	0	4	0			
Fletcher 7b.....	4	0	0	0	1	1	1			
Pullen 8b.....	5	1	0	0	14	1	0			
Gibson 9b.....	5	1	2	3	3	0	3			
Totals.....	45	9	12	13	24	13	6			

The Boat Club teams have played eight games on their grounds this season, winning four and losing four, and a great deal of base ball enjoyment has been furnished the people who have witnessed the games. Owing to the absence of many of the players, there will be no games this month, but Mr. Beedle will arrange games for September.

The Club has a new war canoe, the last one built by Robertson, of Auburndale, which will be entered in the N. E. A. R. A. regatta on the Charles river on Labor Day. Mr. Allen has called for entries to make up a crew of nine men. Much sport and a good race is anticipated.

The regular monthly meeting of the Club takes place Monday evening, August 6. Ladies' night occurs Tuesday, August 14.

LEXINGTON LOCAL NEWS.

The Lexington and Bedford directory has been distributed among the subscribers and is a model of neatness and attractiveness in typographical arrangement and in binding. No one should be without at least one to place in the home for handy reference, and each business place in town will find the directory a necessity. It is published by Edw. A. Jones, 115 Congress street, Boston, and his enterprise in getting the volume out deserves commendation and encouragement from citizens.

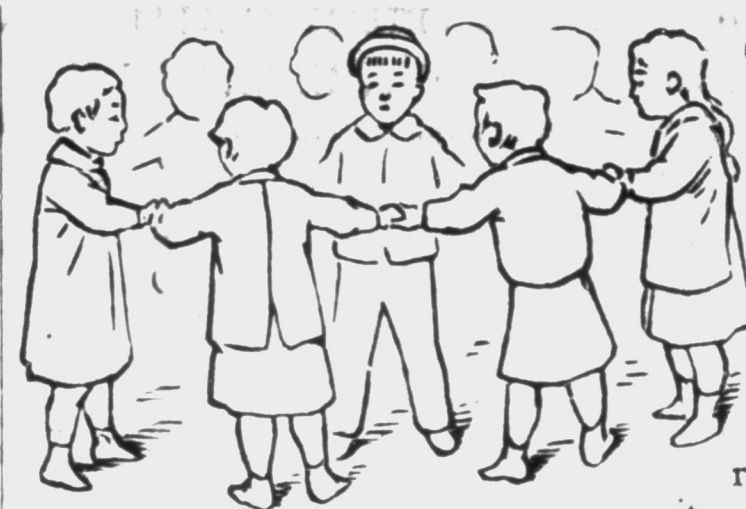
This week the Lexington Telephone Exchange has been extending its local service to Lincoln and a row of poles has been erected on the Lincoln road to continue the lines to the old Beane place just on the edge of our neighboring town, that has been recently purchased by a Mr. Bailey, who is apparently a man of extensive means, and intends remodeling the place into a handsome dwelling for his family. The lumber for the new building will be furnished by George E. Muzzey.

An interesting event for some of our people last week was the annual reunion of the descendants of Rebecca Nourse, one of the most noted victims of the Salem witchcraft craze. The reunion took place at the old Nourse homestead, at Salem, built in 1635 and carefully preserved, and the burial place of the victim of old time fanaticism is close by, now marked by a handsome monument erected by her descendants. Among the addresses delivered on the occasion was one by Rev. Carlton A. Staples, who gave an interesting account of the circumstances of her unjust execution. Lexington has among her citizens descendants who are proud to claim Rebecca Nourse as their ancestor.

An attractive and roomy house is being built by D. A. Tuttle, the veteran carpenter and builder, for the residence of his son Mr. Herbert Tuttle, on Waltham street in the vicinity of the Mulliken place. The location chosen is extremely pleasant and suggests the enquiry why building lots on this street have not found a more ready sale. The street has a fine road bed, an easy upward grade and there are certain points which are quite high and command a pleasant outlook. Although it has the effect of being retired and "out of town," locations on the street are within easy walking distance of the centre.

This week a triple arrest was made for larceny by the Lexington police and the cases were tried in the District Court on Wednesday. The victim of the larcenies was Stephen Broughall, his barn being entered on the night of July 21st and a buggy stolen, two harnesses, a horse blanket and two whips. Allen McDonald, John Collins and James Clifford were arrested and found guilty of the thefts and each fined \$10.

We are glad to note that Mr. O. W. Fiske has sufficiently recovered from his recent severe illness to be out again. Mr. Fiske occupies the old Batters homestead located in the vicinity of the Baptist church, and finds it makes a pleasant home.



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Beware

Mr. F. F. Sherburne has opened up a street on the old Viles estate recently purchased by him, which enters Main street between his own and Mr. B. F. Tenney's residence opposite Woburn St. It is proposed to connect the street with Highland Avenue which latter street has its starting point on Mt. Vernon. The land opened up by this street is high and offers unusual advantages for building lots.

Supt. Bruce has commenced laying the water main up Chandler street, from Merriam to the new street which leads out of the former at the junction made by Mr. J. P. Prince's house located on the corner. The main is put in to furnish water for the new houses being built in this section on streets laid out but not as yet named. The location of Mr. Saunders' house in this section, among a group of dwarf pines and evergreen trees, is particularly pleasing and the style of the house is picturesque and appropriate to its size and location.

The aspect of the premises in the vicinity of the old Esterbrook & Blodgett farm, which has been taken to make a storage basin for the water to be used by the Lexington Water Company to increase their water supply, have already undergone a decided change. At present about fifty of the force of Italians under contractor Juul are removing the soil of the natural basin which will form the reservoir, and every thing is to be removed down to "hard pan." The sod has been piled up in large embankments and the rocks and stone gathered into piles to be used on the dam which will run parallel to the street on the western boundary and will be about 22 feet high, giving the basin a capacity of containing fifteen million gallons of water. Several springs have already been struck in making the excavations and men are obliged to be stationed at a force pump all the time to keep the land from being overflowed in such a manner as to hinder the work. A large upright engine has been brought to the premises and every thing points to a steady pushing of the enterprise to its completion. Quite a gipsy aspect is given to the surroundings by the rough sheds erected for the use of the Italians engaged as laborers and their primitive mode of living is hardly civilized.

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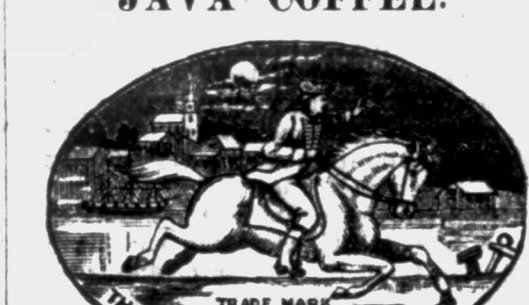
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